**Scopaesthesia**

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# Scopaesthesia

by HermaiaMoira

Summary

Hannibal Lecter is a former dancer turned director and choreographer. He has cast Will Graham to star in his ballet about Achilles and Patroclus. Growing jealous of Will's audience, Hannibal abducts Will and keeps him chained in his home, forcing him to dance for his own pleasure. Inspired in part by Rupert Thomson's The Book of Revelation.

Notes

For madethiscozofhannibal on Tumblr, who requested a dancer AU.

# Chapter 1

After the company's final rehearsal, when the other dancers had left to rest before the opening performance, Will Graham passed by the interior studio on the way to the locker room. He noticed the director, Hannibal Lecter inside. He peered through the doorway and watched the man as he danced in bare feet.

The man was past the prime of a professional dancer and had turned to choreography and directing. However, his body was agile, lean, and graceful, even at his age. Will marveled at his perfect poise and control, his magnificent lines, and the serene expression on his regal profile. A light mist of sweat shone on his bare chest and the loose fabric of his yoga pants hung from a beautifully extended leg.

It seemed vulgar for him to attempt to sleep with the director; at least while he was still being directed, but the thought had certainly crossed his mind. He believed that Hannibal wanted him. The man's eyes were always sharp and peering, taking in every minute detail, but they honed in on Will especially. They trained over his body in a way that seemed prurient as opposed to merely appreciating his motions.

When Hannibal straightened and reached for a bottle of water, Will stepped away. He entered the locker room and began to undress, pulling his street clothes out of his duffel bag and taking a sip from his own water.

He stopped for a moment and felt a tingling sensation on the back of his neck. He hadn't heard a sound, but he could tell that eyes were fixed upon him. He turned to see Hannibal watching.

"Do you feel ready for tomorrow?" the older man asked.

"Yes," Will replied, and then asked with emphasis, "Do *you* feel I am ready for tomorrow?"

Hannibal walked toward him, a breath expanding his chest. Will felt uneasy to receive criticism, but he knew that it would be in the same vein as what Hannibal had been telling him for weeks now.

"When I have watched you dance before, in other productions," Hannibal told him, "I could see that you were uniquely in tune with the emotions that you must portray. You have a profound empathy for your characters, Will. It is a gift."

"I feel as though I become them, for a brief period. I lose all sense of self."

"It is why I cast you as Patroclus. He was defined by his empathy."

Will sighed and nodded, lowering his chin as he looked over his hands and fidgeted.

"I've noticed that during intense conversations, you take on the other person's speech patterns, Hannibal continued. "You mirror what you see, compulsively."

Will tilted his head with a twitching grimace.

“It’s, ah… it’s a mild form of echopraxia,” he explained.

“Where do you go when you dance?”

“I have a tendency to… dissociate,” Will replied. “I feel my consciousness drifting away from me as though I’m watching myself in third person.”

“Do not make yourself an object. Move within yourself. Become your subject.”

“I will focus on that,” Will answered.

“Don’t remove yourself from the moment,” Hannibal added “You are too aware of the audience that is watching you.”

Hannibal came closer and put a hand on Will’s shoulder. The young man found himself leaning forward into the touch.

“I want you to dance for me, Will,” Hannibal said in a low, steady voice. “Dance as though I am the only one watching.”

The company filled the local theater patron bar after the reviews had poured into publication.

“Lecter’s ‘Achilles and Patroclus’ explores the nature of every form of *philos*, invoking the satisfying strike of conventional chords as it simultaneously pushes their boundaries and thwarts expectations.”

The dancers cheered for their smiling director, who was still nursing his champagne when his company had moved on to shots.

The man who played Achilles called out from one review, “Will Graham is mesmerizing as the compassionate but willful Patroclus. His eyes like quicksilver and his movements refreshingly unrestrained, he set himself apart from the more famous and traditionally charismatic warrior and became his own force of nature.”

They all took a shot for Will and the young man beamed and glanced over at Hannibal to gauge his approval. The director just smiled faintly and gave him a nod.

The company separated, and Hannibal took Will aside and invited him to join him at his home for more drinks. Will’s eyes shined, his face already a little flushed from the celebration, but he wasn’t about to turn the man down.

The taxi took the two out of town, to a beautiful stately home in a nearly rural area. In the sitting room, Hannibal poured them each a glass of wine from the wet bar while Will looked around distractedly at the tasteful décor. Hannibal came out from behind the bar and handed Will his glass. The older man studied Will as he sipped, his narrow eyes moving down his body, pausing where Will had opened the top three buttons of his shirt. Will gave a coquettish loll of his head and blinked slowly.

“You dissociated again,” Hannibal said, accent creating a pleasant slurring of consonants. “You were distracted.”

Will’s face dropped.

“The reviews were good,” he pointed out.

“You were quite good. But you could be something the likes of which they have never seen before, for whom praise manifests as wordless resonance.”

Will replied in a vaguely cynical, creaking timbre, “Ah, perhaps you are overestimate my abilities. Perhaps I am merely… a competent dancer.”

He left his wine glass on the bar and Hannibal eyed it briefly.

“You didn’t do as I suggested,” Hannibal mentioned. “You didn’t dance only for me. You performed for everyone in the audience.”

Will looked back at the man with a raised eyebrow, and a steady smirk tugged at the edge of his mouth.

“That sounds like jealousy,” he said.

“I burn with jealousy,” Hannibal replied with a satirical hiss and a colubrine dart of his head.

Will looked pleased once more. He pushed a hand inside of his open shirt and rubbed the sharp line of his collarbone. He let his hip sway to one side as he cocked his head.

“I could dance just for you,” he cooed. “I could be your own private Salome.”

Hannibal gazed at his guest. His shaggy dark curls were swept back from his face, framing deep blue eyes with delicate eyelashes. The boy brought tiny dimples to the corners of his fleshy, naturally upturned lips, his angular nose flaring slightly with a touch of impudence. His sharp jawline moved with the suggestive working of his tongue within his mouth. Hannibal watched him move toward him, his lean legs hugged by tailored jeans. The tails of his un-tucked white shirt were loose over his hips.

A low noise emitted from his throat.

“Finish your wine, Will,” he instructed.

Will sniffed a chuckle and lifted his glass from the wet bar. He threw back the last swallow into his mouth and set it down again. Then he lowered his sharp chin, looking upward under heavy lids, and continued moving toward Hannibal. His fingers worked over the next button on his shirt, but he began to fumble. He shook his head and laughed a bit, but when he opened his eyes once more his sight was blurry.

“I feel a bit…” he said.

He could make out the shape of Hannibal coming closer at a rapid pace, and realized that his knees were giving out. He felt himself dip and a pair of strong dancer's arms cradling him before he could hit the floor.

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Will awoke to tightness in his limbs and a constricted feeling in his chest. He realized after a moment that he was immobile, when he lifted his head to look around the room. He could see a large open space, like a dance studio, and his own body stretched out spread-eagle on a large rubber drainage mat. The craning of his head made him feel dizzy and overcome with fatigue once more. He heard bare feet padding toward him and then felt a hand lifting the back of his head. He could see through bleary eyes Hannibal's face and then a closed fist approaching his lips.

Hannibal opened Will's mouth and pushed in two little blue pills. Immediately, it was followed by a trickle of water from a glass, and Will swallowed. Then he lowered Will's head to the mat and the young man lost consciousness.

When he awakened again, he felt a tense pulling sensation in his groin. He looked down to see that he was fully engorged, to the point of discomfort. His erection strained against the stiff fabric of his jeans. Groaning, he pulled at his arms and legs but found them still secured to dowels drilled into the floor.

The door opened and he could hear the sound of bare feet once more. He strained his neck trying to look behind him. When the man came into view, he was wearing only his yoga pants and carrying a silver tray, which he put down on the floor above Will's head.

"What are you doing?" he asked, and his voice was hoarse from the dryness of his throat.

Hannibal immediately picked up a glass and gave him some water. He drank quickly and water trickled out the sides of his mouth and down his neck. Hannibal wiped the wet streaks along his face and slowly moved his fingers over Will's lips.

"You drugged me," Will stammered, tasting the man's fingers as he spoke.

Hannibal didn't answer, but began to run both of his hands through Will's dark hair. He smiled at the softness of it, how beautifully the sweat at his temples dampened the shortest strands into little curls. He smoothed it away from his face and gripped it in his fists, tilting his captive's head back and admiring the lines of his jaw meeting his long throat.

He kept one hand tangled in Will's hair as he dragged the other down his neck, squeezing a bit below his jaw and then running a delicate thumb over his Adam's apple.

Will grew anxious at the feel of the man holding his throat and began to thrash, pulling at his arms and lifting his hips from the floor.

"Don't resist," Hannibal's voice murmured in a soothing tone.

“Why are you doing this?” Will croaked.

“I want you to dance for me, and only me,” Hannibal responded. There was no irony or insistence in his tone, only a calm statement of fact.

“I told you I would… I would dance for you,” Will replied, his voice beginning to quake. His eyes followed Hannibal’s hand as it moved downward further, unbuttoning the remainder of his shirt and pushing each side away from his body.

“No,” Hannibal whispered. He looked back into Will’s eyes. He had a strange, affectionate sternness in his expression. He moved his hand through his hair once more, letting his thumb brush over Will’s ear. With his other hand, he grazed over Will’s chest, his nipple, his belly button. His eyes turned back to the young man’s bare torso and they softened lovingly as he watched his abdomen tremble and lurch at the tickling light touch.

Will’s thoughts returned to the aching pulse in his groin. The jeans felt like they were squeezing him in a vice.

“What else did you drug me with?” he asked. “What were those blue pills?”

Hannibal sniffed and released Will’s hair. He moved his hands down Will’s sides and scooped them under his back, lifting slightly in the curve of his spine above his ass. He began to massage him there, along the hollow and over the waistband of his jeans, which he slid down low upon his hips. Then he placed a gentle hand over Will’s fly and fondled the bulge that strained against his zipper.

Will released a moan and instinctively lifted his hips upward.

“You fed me Viagra, didn’t you?” he groaned. “Why would you do that?”

Hannibal began to knead Will’s erection and watched as the young man wriggled and tried to push up against his hand.

“It hurts, Hannibal,” he explained. “Please, make it go away.”

When Hannibal unbuttoned Will’s jeans, the young man sighed in relief. Hannibal pulled his jeans and boxer briefs further down his hips, revealing the lovely V-shaped lines of his pelvis, the jut of his hip bones, and the dark strands of his treasure trail and top of his pubic hair. He released his cock from the restrictive clothing and it stood stiff above the waistband of his briefs.

How long he had the erection, Will couldn’t say, but it was throbbing terribly. When Hannibal leaned forward and wrapped his lips around it, he twitched and groaned loudly.

“Oh god… fuck… Hannibal…”

The man sucked and slid his tongue along the underside of Will’s shaft while he stroked the base with his hand. Will pulled at the chains on his ankles, trying to lift his knees and push his hips higher. Then Hannibal began to suck on just the head of his cock and Will squeezed his eyes shut and gasped as his whole body shivered.

“Please…” he whined and grunted indecipherable appeals.

Finally Hannibal took him further in his mouth again, rotating his palm along with the up and down motion of his lips. Will’s toes curled and he saw spots behind his eyelids as he braced himself for orgasm.

Then Hannibal lifted up, leaving Will’s cock in a dry lurching state. The young man whimpered and looked over at his captor.

“Oh god, please, don’t stop,” he begged. He could feel the pressure in his genitals and the tormented dissatisfaction of ruined orgasm.

Hannibal stood to his bare feet in one graceful dancer’s movement and padded out of the room.

“Please, no, it hurts. Hannibal!”

Will tried to twist his body to the side, to rub himself between his belly and the mat, but it was no use. His chains were pulled tight. He writhed and humped at the air desperately before cursing and laying still, his belly tingling and his cock aching and stiff.

# Chapter 2

As Will's erection finally began to soften, the throbbing sensation was replaced by a strong need to urinate.

"Hannibal!" he called out and his words echoed in the open studio room. "I need to use the bathroom!"

There was no response. Will huffed in exasperation. The growing discomfort turned to pain. It was no use, and Will growled angrily as he was forced to wet himself. When he found relief, he felt sickly and debased. He released a panicked cry and thrashed against his chains, tears in his eyes.

Finally his captor returned with a bucket and a glass of water. He set them down on the floor and knelt beside Will. The young man closed his eyes in shame at the state of himself. When he felt Hannibal's hand move toward his mouth, his eyes popped open and he turned his head to the side. Two more blue pills pressed against his lips.

"No more, please!" he cried.

"Don't resist," Hannibal repeated, in the same soft voice. He took Will's jaw gently but firmly in his hand and plugged his nose with the other. Will gave in with a meek whimper and took the pills into his mouth. Hannibal then gave him a drink of the water and stroked his ear tenderly as he sipped.

When Will had finished the glass, Hannibal pulled out a pair of tailoring shears. Will quivered as it hovered over his bare belly and down his groin. The cold metal pressed along his pelvic bone and slid between his shivering flesh and the waistband of his jeans. The shears clipped through the denim and made their way downward, flaying open the fabric around his legs. Hannibal then cut away the other side and pulled the shredded, soiled jeans away.

Will held his breath when Hannibal slid the shears through his underwear, coming frightfully close to his genitals. After he had sliced the briefs away, he removed Will's shirt. Now he lay naked on the mat, his face turned to one side and pressed into his chained arm.

Hannibal reached into the bucket and pulled out a sponge soaked in warm water. He squeezed it over Will's chest and watched the water stream over his collar and ribs. Then he pressed it against his body and began to bathe him. Will sighed at the comforting warmth as Hannibal rubbed the sponge over his armpits and the sides of his belly. He dipped it into the water again and rang it out over his hips and groin.

"How long are you going to keep me here?" Will whispered.

Hannibal didn't answer, but began running the sponge between his legs and over the lines of his pelvis. His slow movements as he washed him were seemingly loving; painstakingly soft, intimate caresses as he looked over his body through heavy-lidded eyes. Hannibal lifted Will

to lie on his side, his one arm stretched behind him attached to the dowel. He wetted the sponge again and then pushed it through his legs and between his ass cheeks. The young man closed his eyes and breathed deeply as he felt his cock swell once more.

When he'd finished washing his back, Hannibal lay him down again and began to rinse and wipe his genitals. He lifted his cock and massaged his testicles with the warm pad. Will groaned and bucked his hips upward, pushing himself against his captor's hand. Then Hannibal dropped the sponge back in the bucket and stood up.

"No, don't leave me like this again!" Will whined. He writhed against his shackles and gazed up at Hannibal with pleading blue eyes. Hannibal left in silence as his prisoner released a low wail.

It began to hurt again; first an irritating throb, followed by a desperate aching need. By the time Hannibal returned with a satchel in his hand, Will was ready to make any kind of bargain for just a moment's release.

The man knelt beside him again and dropped a hand between his legs. Will eagerly lifted his hips upward and let Hannibal drag his fingers over his perineum and wrap a hand around his scrotum.

"Please," he breathed, "I need…"

"What do you need?"

"Touch me," he begged. "Please, I can't stand it anymore."

Hannibal let his hand hover over Will's cock, and then slowly ran a finger over the head. Will lurched and tried to hump against his palm.

"Anything you want," Will told him. "You can fuck me… you can use my mouth, whatever you like. Please, just let me cum."

Hannibal gave him a thoughtful stare and then unlocked the shackles on Will's hands and one of his ankles. He unclasped the dowel so that the chain around one of his legs was lax in its connection to the wall. Will sat up and instinctively one of his hands went to his swollen cock. Hannibal moved behind him and grabbed his arms, pinning them to his sides in a strong embrace.

Will whimpered and leaned back into him, hips wriggling.

"Please, what do you want? Anything you want."

"Dance for me," Hannibal murmured into his ear. "I want to see you dance."

He released the young man and watched as Will slowly climbed to his feet, trembling from hours of enforced immobility. Hannibal rose and stepped back, one bare foot behind the other.

“What piece?” Will asked. He dipped his head to the side with eyes downcast, hands clenching and unclenching. He was keenly aware of his jutting erection.

“Achilles plays the lyre,” Hannibal instructed. His golden eyes crinkled in a trace of a smile.

Will nodded and backed away from the mat, dragging his chain until he had ample room. He began to dance the piece that he had performed many times before, including in front of a full audience. Never, of course, was he completely naked and stiff with medically-induced arousal.

Hannibal watched the beautiful young man arching his back and twisting his frame. He felt a rush of gratification, a sense of ownership over this captured creature. The dance was slow and precise, focusing on bodily control and aesthetic lines. As he moved, the chain clinked along the floor. It spoiled the lines for leg extensions, but Hannibal tried to ignore it and focus on his body. The boy was lovely, lean and fair, with sharp shoulders, swaying hips, graceful neck, craning jaw. His soft dark hair moved with each twist and lift. When he crouched, Hannibal felt himself moving forward toward the seductive curve of Will’s spine and cleft of his ass. He stopped when Will rose again and tucked his leg, spinning. The chain nearly caused him to stumble.

“Do not look at me when you dance!” Hannibal called. Will stopped and put his hands behind his head, stretching his arms.

“I can’t do this, Hannibal,” he complained.

“You’re doing fine,” Hannibal replied. “You just need to dance without ego.”

“Ego?” Will retorted. “You have me chained to a wall and suffering from priapism!”

“It’s keeping you inside your own body though, isn’t it?”

Will gasped and brought his elbows forward, clutching at his neck.

“It’s agonizing,” he said. “Please help me.”

Hannibal strode toward him and placed his hands on the young man’s shoulders. Then he pushed him downward. Will sank to his knees, looking up at him with wide eyes. Then he pressed his mouth and nose against the front of Hannibal’s pants, nuzzling and kissing the bulge of his groin.

“Help me, Hannibal,” he murmured.

Hannibal pushed one leg forward so that it was between Will’s knees. He pressed his shin against his cock and began to pet his captive, stroking his curls and the sides of his neck. Will responded to the feel of the man’s leg with a soft keening sound and began to hump against it, gripping Hannibal’s hips and rubbing his cock against the soft fabric. He placed one hand on the shape of Hannibal’s cock and worked his mouth over it in gratitude. His face burned in his humiliation, but he couldn’t stop the compulsion to hump or the appeals he was making to the man who allowed it.

As he listened to the increasingly urgent sounds of Will's panting and whimpering, Hannibal inhaled with profound satisfaction. He pulled back the boy's hair and leaned down over his twisting, curving back. With his other hand, he grabbed Will's bottom and began to prod his fingers between his cheeks. Will moaned and pushed his ass out, spreading his knees further apart and letting the man stimulate his opening. He humped faster and clutched at Hannibal's pants as he felt his much-needed release approaching. Hannibal smiled at the sweet, plaintive cry of his new pet as he erupted into spasms and leaked over the leg of his pants.

Will held himself against the leg for a moment, his head twitching as he glanced downward. Feeling himself sinking further into debasement, he closed his eyes and shuddered. Hannibal pulled away from him and let the young man drop onto his hands, sitting on his haunches.

"The chains are a problem," Hannibal said.

"What?" Will asked, feeling a little light-headed and lost.

"You can't dance with a chain at your ankle."

"Take it off?"

"I am afraid you will run away, my dear."

Hannibal put a hand on Will's lowered head and added, "Come."

He smiled when Will crawled after him toward the mat. Hannibal lay him back down and began to attach the shackles once more. He removed one of the chains from the shackle and left it on the floor.

"Please," Will asked, "I can't stand being chained up like this."

"It's only for a little while longer," Hannibal promised.

Then he opened his satchel and Will's brow furrowed as Hannibal brought something out of it. It was a pair of forceps, antiseptic, and cotton swabs. The young man gasped in horror when he saw the next item: a four gauge piercing needle.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

Hannibal soaked a swab in antiseptic then took the forceps in his hand. He reached out and began to pull Will's foreskin forward, stretching it away from his flaccid cock.

"No, please, Hannibal, don't!" Will begged.

Hannibal clamped the forceps onto Will's foreskin and then swabbed the area. Then he took the thick gauging needle and slowly pushed it through.

Will bleated and pulled back, eyes filled with fear.

"Hold still, boy," Hannibal soothed. "I don't want to tear you."

Hannibal pushed the hollow tube through and wiped away the traces of blood around the entrance. Then he pulled it out and pushed through a silver ring clasp with a lock. He attached the loose chain to it and locked it into place.

“Why are you doing this to me?” Will cried. He pulled against his restraints, wriggling from the pain between his legs.

“It pleases me,” Hannibal murmured. “It pleases me very much.”

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